The maiden sleeps—how heat she slumbered in Her tender Savior's arm;
That spotiess heart, use siled, unstained by siq, he carthly fear could harm;
A considence pure, a sinless breast,
This is a cought the head to rest—
The maiden sleeps.
The maiden sleeps.
The maiden sleeps.

more lay break that sweet repose; ow'st, mother, thou, what might have been it

Know'st, mother, thos, what might have been in store.

For her, of bitter weee?

For her, of bitter weee?

For her, of bitter weee?

Fine her, of bitter weee?

Fine her, of bitter weee?

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps.

The maiden sleeps will last;

And, oh, he's bright the meen that greets her sight when Past brief night is o'er!

He, wh', by his resistiess will

Sooib' d Jairus, lives and comforts still—

The maiden sleeps—and now the last hiss press Upon the lips so still,

The Father help thee in thy sore distress;

O, mother! 'Its His will.

Now, as they bear her to her rest sing ye the hymne she invest the heat—

The maiden sleeps—now, Shepber?, take her home.

Thins for eternity;

Ya storious tiars, bend down from Heaven's dome.

Watch o'er her isenderly;

O, wind, how not so loud and shrill o'ree this little flower-dech' d hill—

Over this little flower-dech' d hill—

The maiden sleeps.

The Scotsman.

scarcely more than a boy—those fairakinned people never show their age—
with his handsome, womanish face,
bright blue eyes ard trim-built figure;
but he had confidence until you could
not rest, plenty of the gift of gab, and
a something about him—I believe peop'e call it magnetism; at least, when
you were with him you believed just as
he did, and then wondered at yourself
afterward for doing so.

Lumley always had a knack of twisting folks round his little finger; for all
that, the lines of firmness were quite
lacking about his mouth. Lumley's
Pardner now, with his close-set lips and
square massive jaw—you might as well
hops to move a mountain as him against
his will. He would be strong to do, or
to bear; you could easily see that.

I do not know as it was exactly fair.
I never meant to cavesdrop, but it happened in this wise: One night I went
over to Lumley's shanty—it was amazing strange how soon his name got
tacked to everything—to see about a
broken pick he wanted mended. I used
to do the smithing in those days. As I
opened the door I saw there broken pick he wanted mended. I used to do the smithing in those days. As I opesed the door I saw there was no one in, and being tired with my day's work, I dropped down on a log just outside, lit my pipe, and sat leaning back against the pine boards waiting for Lumley to come back. I guess I must have got drowsy and fallen saleep, for the first thing I heard was voices, and Lumley's Pardner speaking out bitter and short, in a way we seldom heard him speak:

"I reckon it's of no use to ask if there's any letters come to my name."

I opened my eyes and saw two gleams of light streaming out through the open door and the one loop hole of a window, and then I knew that Lumley and his mate must have passed me by and never seen me in the twilight. Raising myself up, I saw Lumley through the window, sitting down to the pine table beside a yellow dip, with two or three letters lying before him, and one open in his hand. Then it flashed across my mind that one of the boys from a camp beyond had gone into the station and was due with the mail that night.

Lumley's Pardner sat over the far side of the table with a gloomy look in his eye. Being in the same boat myself, I knew how lonesome it was never to have news from home, and wondered to myself how a manly, fine-looking fellow pake him should be without a wife or weetheart waiting with a woman's pride

party of traders stopping to noon in camp. Then I knew what those marks of weetheart waiting with a woman's pride him some where.

Lumley was busy reading his letters. I thought I had better stay outside. He was that intent at first that he seemed not to have heard the other's words, but after a moment he lifted his face with one of the proud, bright looks that were Lumley's own. "Ay, comrade!" he cried cheerily; and don't you tell me it isn't all your own fault. Don't dare to envy me my wife and child."

He tossed the picture across the table. The other picked it up. I saw a man die once, stabbed through the heart. Just such a look came into the face of Lumley's Pardner, as he glassed at the picture in his hand. Lumley, bending over his letter, never saw it. When he had finished reading he held out his hand. The other did not even raise his eyes, but kept them fixedly on what he held.

"I, too, once thought to have a wife and child" he musticated rescaled and child "he musticated rescaled and continued and c

"I, too, once thought to have a wife and child," he muttered presently, less o Lamley than to himself.

The words following that look, were whole book of revelation to me. Happily, Lumley did not notice. His face showed some surprise, mingled with that placid satisfaction the successful but feel the shame of that meeting. But there was no backing out now. Lum-ley's Pardner took him to one side.

"I've heard of you, old man," he said, in his matter-of-fact way, "and I've come to see you out of this. How much do you say will clear you up and have a trifle ahead?"

Lumley never raised his eyes.

"Old nead" he engreered aboling

Lumley never raised his eyes.

"Old pard," he answered, choking up, "you're a better friend than I deserve. Don't ask me to take anything from you. I went in with my eyes open, and thanking you all the same, I'll have nobody's help out."

Lumley's Pardner laid a broad hand on each of the pitifully dropping

hat placed seemed, shaking his head knowingly, "is that the way the land lies? I knew you were always closemouthed, but a disappointment—I never mouthed, but a disappointment—I was,

n each of the pitifully disorders.
"Old man, when the fever

THE CANTON MAIL

Emmett L. Ross & Co., Proprietors.

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with supernatural terror, occured to a young girl about 8 years old, the daugh-ter of a friend of mine. The mother,

the gentlest and most reasonably inlulgent of parents, sent her up stair

dulgent of parents, sent her up-stairs for her watch, cautioning her not to let it fall; the child, by her own account, stood at the top of the stairs with the watch in her hand till the conviction that she should let it fall took such dreadful and complete possession of her that she dashed it down, and then account a parenty of the most dis-

ame in a paroxysm of the most dis tressing nervous excitement to tell her mother what she had done.—Mrs. Kem-

A "Ghost" Pound Out.

Most of the frights that come

de, in September Atlantic.

NUMBER 11.

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI, SEPTEMBER 18, 1875.

I knew her's. I was sure she would wait for me until I came back. It was for her I went away."

"But you wrote to her?" questioned Lumley, with genuine interest.

"Not a word—not a line. I am a poor scribe. But she knew me well enough to need no written assurance of my intentions. Every day would be lived for her. There could be ne doubt of that in her mind."

Lumley made a hasty gesture of dissent. "And there, old man, was precisely where you failed to connect! It don't do, you know, for women to take to much for granted. They like to be well fortified; and then you are surest to win if you take them by storm. Why my Lulie—"

"She don't look as though she ever walked over a true heart with herdainty feet, and that glad little smile just curving her lips" broke in Lumley's Pard.

did at your hands. Do you dare deny me this small return, now? What's a paltry sum of money between you and me, and the 'little mother' waitin' at home?"

Lumley put down his head upon that, and cried like a baby; the which, if it be not manly, I like him the better for. There are tears, I am thinking, that are far from disgracing even the eyes of man.

"I'm ashamed of myself, through and through, for what's gone by," were Lumley's next words, "but I can't give it up now. Matters can't be any worse, and there's a chance of bettering. Per haps to-night I shall win it all back."

There were the old willfulness and pride and the new fascination of the gaming-table. There was no turning him back, no moving him from that resolve.

Lumley's Pardner took him by the my Lulie—"

"She don't look as though she ever walked over a true heart with herdainty feet, and that glad little smile just curving her lips!" broke in Lumley's Pardner, his white face still bent on the picture. His deep voice trembled a little over the last words.

"Lulie is truth itself," answered Lumley, quickly. "She never loved anybody but me. To be sure she had admirers; how could she help that and be what she is?—but she loved me truly. You can see it in her eyes!"

resolve.

Lumley's Pardner took him by the arm.

"Either way, I'm bound to see you through," he said. "Come."
So night after night, as Lumley played, there stood Lumley's Pardner looking on, with never a word of that little white letter, his answering message, or the two passengers on board an ocean steamer bound for California.

beard. The tremor in his voice might have meant diffidence. "Pardon me, madame, you are, I be-lieve—that is to say—I am Lumley's lieve—that is to say—I am Lumley's
Pardner,"
She held out a white hand cordially.
"And my husband?"
"Is well. I am to take you to him."
He took timidly the hand she extended, awkwardly the little woman thought, I always felt sorry for Lumley's Pard-

and then let it go.

"Give me the child."

He took the aleeping boy in his arms, and so burdened piloted the way to a carriage close beside the wharf. Putting her inside, he laid the child gently, almost reverently, upon her lap.

ner after that.

Well, for a time, things went on in the old way. Then Lumley's Pardner came down with the mountain fever, and Lumley nursed him through it. He was as tender as a woman, was Lumley. When I used to drop in of nights, occasionally, to lend a band at watching, the man's eyes would follow him about the room, in a helpless, beseeching way that was pitiful to see.

It was only the ghost of Lumley's Pardner that got up from it, but the two men were always nigher together after that.

When Lumley got back to the claim, ting her inside, he laid the child gently, almost reverently, upon her lap.

"We're to drive round and take up Lumley. It is only a few minutes' ride.

One last searching glance from under the protecting sombrero, and he closed the carriago-door, mounting to his place beside the driver.

two men were always nigher together after that.

When Lumley's Pardner was just able to crawl about, they came into a wonderful streak of luck. Lumiey struck into a big pocket, and there they were, at the turn of a die, rich men. Mining, after all, is a game of chance—you buy your ticket, but it does not always win; there are plenty of blanks to every prize.

It does not matter the exact amount this prize netted, if I had remembered it. Lumley was jubilant over his if the mines; so nobody was surprised when his partner bought him out for a good round sum, saying, in his quiet way, that he guessed he'd stay and see the thing through.

It was very quiet in camp the morning the his post, Lumley sat eyeing the "pile"—\$2,500. He put out his hand to rake it up, paused, drew it back, piled up the cards and began to shuffle for another stake; not that he had 'orgetton his oath, or the woman and child he loved, but a long way shead of anything else was the thought that luck had turned—that he had only to follow it up and win back all the past. Lumley's Pardner stooped to his ear:

"You'd better throw up the game, the 'little mother' and your boy are waiting here outside."

Lumley started—half rose to his feet, looked up into his partner's face, then at the cards, then at the door, then wist-fully back upon the cards and the gold. As with a heavy sigh he sunk into his seat again, Lumley's Pardner, dashing the cards from his hand, raked up the stakes and forced the money into Lumley spocket.

"How long will you keep your wife the protecting scomberco, and he closed the driver.

Oddly enough, Lumley had just finished a winning game with Monte Bill the cards the miner a winning game with Monte Bill the cards the back all the patch to his post, Lumley's Pardner came hurriedly in. As he slipped quietly back to his post, Lumley's Pardner stake; not that he had 'orgetton his oath, or the woman and child he loved.

Lumley started—half rose to his feet, looked up into his partner's face, then at the cards, then at the door, then

way, that he guessed he'd stay and see the thing through.

It was very quiet in camp the morning that Lumley went away. The boys were sorry to lose him, for he had not any but well wishers among us.

Well, six months went by, and then are a little white letter, "scribed in a dainty woman's hand, to Lumley Pardner. The man trembled all ove like a leaf when it was put into his cabin and shut the door. Within the next half hour he came out again in a desperate hurry, saddled his mule and rode off down the trail.

"Unexpected business!" was his hasty explanation. Could not say when he might be back.

The news came to us at last by a party of traders stopping to noon in camp. Then I knew what those marks of weakness about his mouth stood for; Lumley had Lever left the city at all! He had sat down to the gaming table one night and gotten up from it the next morning poorer than he had come into the mines. He had first won, then lost and lost and won, and won again; and then that last total blank stared him in the face.

Lumley could never give up at thet.

Was ing here outside."

Lumley started—half rose to his feet, looked up into his partner's face, then at the door, then wist fully back upon the cards, then at the door, then wist fully back upon the cards, then at the door, then wist fully back upon the cards and the goad. As with a heavy sigh he sunk into his seat again, Lumley's Pardner, dashing the eards from his hand, raked up the eards from his hat, swith a heavy sigh he sunk into his the leards, then at the d

lover whom he once knew and appro-priated to himself in the person of Lum-ley's Pardner.—Overland Monthly. tells this:

A lately appointed postmaster of a western Massachusetts town came down to Boston the other day to "qualify," and have his bond for \$600 approved.

when other resources failed.

So Lumley's Pardner found him—heavy-eyed, with a seedy flashiness in his dress, marks of dissipation on his fair, womanish face—a pretty nearly playedout individual.

The blood rushed all over his face, for the manliness yet left in him could but feel the shame of that meeting. But there was no backing out now. Lum—"How much do the assessors s The bond was all right and the regular question was put to the P. M.:

"How much are you worth, sir?"

"Wal," he replied, "I don't tell how much I'm worth. Bradstreet sets "How much do the assessors set yo

"Wal, the assessors don't set me quite so high a figger; but (in a confidential whisper) 'tween you'n me, I'm one of the assessors." JOHN PAUL fixed those Saratoga wait-

ers. He put a new fifty cent serip un-der a goblet. It was magnified until it looked like a \$5 bill. The waiter was looked like a \$5 bill. The waiter was the most active man in America. John Paul never before enjoyed such a gor-geous dinner. When he aros he coolly put that scrip in his vest pocket, and in a fatherly way told the expectant waiter not to sink any more money which others wield give him in Franch reals.

"Old man, when the fever had me down, I'd ha' gone under if it hadn't teen for you. So help me God! I'd is columns, "After Thoughts." That's what its readers are after in vain.

lowing bank Directors, and them alone, to settle the amount of the currency. And they are allowed more control than any other agency. The New York city banks alone increased the currency \$3,000,000 in one week of March, 1875. This aristocracy in the money manufacture is an odious monopoly, alien to our institutions and harmful to our prosperity. What should we say if five hundred men, and such friends as they chose, were allowed to plant wheat and mine iron, while every one else was for-

when there is not a ripple on the glassy surface of the sea you may look down into fifteen fathoms of water and see Yet this is but another name for our present bank system. Let us cease, then, to have any plan either to enlarge or contract the currency. Let the government stand ready to issue all the Yet this is but another name for our ernment stand ready to issue all the currency any business man wishes and can give good security tor, at low interest and convertible into bonds. If necessary, in order to conciliate existing prejudice, let the capital of these bonds, having long terms to ron, be payable in gold. Make greenbacks legal tender for all purposes, customs and all government dues included. There is every reason why this should be done. History is repeating itself. England never knew more proeperous years than from 1800 to 1820, during which she neither had gold, nor wished to have it, nor

latter end of the last century old Port Royal disappeared beneath the waves in an earthquake, leaving no other memorial behind than those few patches of reefs. In calm and clear evenings,

PAPER VERSUS COIN.

Forcible Letter from Westeld Phillips on the Currency Question—Normal Presentation of the C The state of the s

Dr. Newman believes in missionaries, so he says, and that the moral elevation of the pagan must come through the women, and by Christian women. He enumerated various things in which the burdens of pagan women were grievous to be borne, one of which was that they are of so little account as to be simply numbered instead of having names, and that they are only known as such a man's wife, or daughter, or mother, etc., a statement which, at the close of his liquid rhetoric, was followed by a most significant incident. A list of women composing the missionary society was read, and not a woman was mentioned by her own name, but by that of her husband. It was Mrs. Bishop So-andso, Mrs. Dr. A., Mrs. Rev. B., Mrs. John C., and so on.

moments by one single convulsive throb
of the thin film on which man has lived
and speculated for ages past. An
American diving company, instigated
in their enterprise by tales of untold
wealth buried beneath the sea by this A NATIVE of Calcutta recently asked a His guests accepted the invitation, but when the day came they for some reason best known to themselves did not attend, nor did they send any spologies.

Thereupon the host promptly sued them for the price of the food which he had provided for the barquet, and which, through their want of courtesy, had sudden shock, rescued no treasures but the big bell suspended still in the bell tower, and donated the same to the nuseum of the island, where it may be

been wasted. The Moonsiff who heard instance of strong nervous impression the case thought that the cause of the not, however, in any way connecte

state. What makes own National Bills of good and spelling good, every sharply good, corporable as at the good and superly good, one of good and spelling the good and sharply good of good o

Children's Fears.

The objects that excite the fears of children are often as curious and unaccountable as their secret intensity. Miss Martinau told me once that a special object of horror to her, when she was a child, were the colors of the prism, and a thing in itself so beautiful that it is difficult to conceive how any imagination could be pairfully in ful that it is difficult to conceive how any imagination could be painfully impressed by it; but her terror of these magical colors was such that she used to rush past the room, even when the door was closed, where she had seen them reflected from the chandelier by the sunlight on the wall.

A bright, clever boy of 9, by no means particularly nervous or time, told me

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SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A BLIND mendicant in Boston wears

this inscription around his neck; "Don't be ashamed to give only a half pouny. I can't see."

No doubt the happies dogs that ever lived were the two taken aboard of Noah's ark—for they had but one pair

of fleas between them.

Mermons of great size are falling in Iowa. Prof. Gu tavus Heinrichs says lows. Prof. Gu tavus Heinrichs says that they are mere shells of other worlds, and the interiors are coming along soon.

One of the hardest things to do is to let well enough alone, and this is not less strange than the fascination which prompted a man to pick up a hot poker the second time to see what burnt him. The novelty in belts is the gros grain ribbon not more two inches wide, and worn about the waist, to fasten in front of the left side in a bow, with loops and ends reaching nearly or quite to the

human nerves originate in mystery. Objects are trembled at simply because they are unknown or half known, and causes are fancied in fear, with an almost instinctive leaning towards the supernatural. Few cases of "haunted" bouses have been known where patient knee.

The chief jewel in the crown of the truly benevolent man is his sympathy with the poor. We have heard of a family in this city on the point of starvation, whose sufferings were brought to the attention of a Christian philanthrometric came among

started up, and sprang at the unseen voice, thrusting with a powerful blow his sword in the arras. The blade was fast, and held him to the spot. Behind the waving folds there lay the cause concealed. He left his sword and retraced cealed. He left his sword and retraced his steps to the turret.

When morning came, a welcome crowd greeting him, asked if he had met the ghost.

"Oh, yes," replied the knight, "dead as a door-nail behind the screen he lies, where my sword has pinned him fast. Bring the wrenching-bar, and we'll haul the disturber out."

With such a leader, and broad day to boot, the valiant throng tore down the the open water is of course easier than in a bath, however large the bath-tub or reservoir, if only one could feel the same security. To attain this confidence is the great object in learning to

With such a leader, and broad day to boot, the valiant throng tore down the screen where the sword was fixed; when lo! in the recess lay the fragments of a chapel organ, and the square wooden trunks, make for hallowed sounds, were used as props to stay the work when the hall was coated round with oak.

The wondering clowns laughed aloud at the mysterious voice. It was the northern blast that found its way through the crannies of the wall to the groaning pipes, that had alarmed the country around for a century past.

Personal Habits of the Japanese.

A national predilection for the bath may mislead the reader into the belief that the Japanese are the cleanest nation under the sun. This is far from being the case. They are the most tubbing people, but while, among the petty trading and lower classes, they pay every attention to the cleanliness of their bodies, they pay none whatever to that of their clothes, The thickly padded winter garments will be worn without being washed, not for days, or weeks, or years, but generations. The patched and wadded garment covering the body of a small urchin in the street probably has descended to him from his grandfather, through a succession of uncles and bigger brothers; and next winter, if he grows out of i by then, it will pass on to a smaller of the family. As long as they will hold together are those clothes kept. From constant patching there may be at last but little of the outer garment left; but the thick cotton wadding is the same that for day after day through a a winter, winter after winter through generations, has been worn without once being cleaned. But this is not the worst. While the clothes are being worn, they are, at all events, exposed to the purifying influences of the fresh air; but as the cold season passes away the entire wardrobe of a family is packed away, all together, in some room, and there all through the heat of the summer it lies in a foul heap of frowsiness and impurity. Small-pox is the scourge of Japan, and there is no doubt that to this practice it owes in a great measure its yearly appearance and its virulence.—Temple Bar. Personal Habits of the Japanese. great measure its yearly appearance and its virulence.—Temple Bar.

and its virulence.—Temple Bar.

The other day a Detroit husband went off on a fishing excursion with a small party of friends. Returning at midnight he pounded on the door and awoke his wife. As she let him into the hall she saw that something ailed him, and she cried out:

"Why, Henry, your face is as red as paint."

"Guesser n't," he replied, feeling along down the hall.

"And I believe you have been drinking," she added.

"Whezzer mean by zhat?" he inquired, trying to stand still.

quired, trying to stand still,
"Oh! Henry, your face would never look like that if you hadn't been drinking."
"Mi to blame?" he asked, tears in his eyes. "Sposen a big bass jump up'n hit me in th' face an' make it red—mi to

over her unjust suspicion.

He was smoking a cigar on a Market

Feckles—Their Cure.—What shall a young and otherwise handsome ladv do to get rid of freekles on the skin? Answer—Freekles are not easily washed out of those who have a florid complexion and are much in the sunshine, but the following washes are not only harmless, but very much the best of any we know: Grate horse-radish fine, let it stand a few hours in buttermilk, then strain and use the wash night and morning. Or squeeze the juice of a lemon into half a goblet of water and use the same way. Most of the remedies for frickles are poisonous and cannot be used with safety. Freekles indicate a defective digestion, and consist in deposits of some carbonaceous or fatty matter beneath the scurf skin. The diet should be attended to, and should be of a nature that the bowels and kidneys will do their duty. Daily bathing with much friction should not be neglected, and the Turkish bath taken occasionally, if it is convenient.—Herald of Health.

Four-Button Kids.—Then, after a

Four-Burron Kids.—Then, after a pause, he informed me of another way they had of making the French horse available. During the early autumn months the rats appear about the premises in tremendous numbers. They would soen overrun the establishment but for a plan long since adopted, and which not only rid the company of the pests, but returns an income as well. When Montfaucon swarms with rats the carcass of a horse is placed in a room into which the rodents gain access through openings in the floor contrived for the purpose. At night the rats, lured by their keenness of scent, enter the room through these artificial rat holes by thousands. While they are in the midst of their feast these openings are closed, and they are prisoners. Then the slaughter commences. As high as 18,000 have been killed in five weeks in one room. The dead rats are skinned, and the skins are sold to Paris furriers for from one to four france. skinned, and the skins are some to four francs furriers for from one to four francs each. They are then made up into "Your-button kids" and shipped to the United States. - Paris Letter. Lice in Fowls,-There are such

hens that it is difficult to determine which is best. We use only one thing, and that is sulphur, and in the followin manner: Whenever a hen takes a nest for sitting, fresh, clean hay is put under the eggs, and one tablespoonful of sulphur sortered over it. This will sift in among the hay, and the warmth of the hen will be just sufficient to cause slight furnes to arise, and bill to cause slight fumes to arise and kill all the vermin which may be on the hen or in the nest. We have practiced this plan for the past twelve years, and peither a lousy chicken nor mother has ever been seen in our yard during the

time named.

This is our preventive for lice on young chickens. Every spring we have our poultry-house and roosts thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed ioside, and then scatter flour of sulphur in every spring week. crack and corner, and liberally over the floor. Do this, and repeat it in the autumn, and we will venture to \$5y that you will have no vermine on your fowls. To kill the lice on the old fowls immediately, mix a little sulphur in lard and grease their heads with the compound, and put a little under each

wing.
Sulphur is death to all kinds of lice, and not at all injurious to higher ani mals. If scattered pleutifully about bauss and other outbuildings it will destroy many kinds of vermin beside hen-lice. We have no "pip" among our chickens since we commenced the sul-phur treatment,—Rurat New Yorker.